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The poem, At The End of My Life, was written by Mary Emma (Squire) Loomis. A facsimile of that poem, as it appears in her diary for 1930-1931, is given below.

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—At The End Of My Life—

To my grave when Spring shall come
Go you not with tearful eyes,
Standing solemn faced and glum
Underneath the smiling skies
All that lies the ground below
Will be worn-out garb I wore,
Only that and nothing more—
If in Summer time you'd bring
Blossoms to that quiet spot
Do not go with sorrowing
Go as to a garden plot:
Smile and in its beauty share
Think of me as gone before
Nothing of me will be there
But the shabby garb I wore.
And in Autumn when the leaves
Red and golden gently fall,
Do not go as one who grieves,
I shall not be there at all.

Though a little while I've gone
Leaving you to fare alone
All the earth will lie upon
Will be raiment I've outgrown.

Emma Loomis